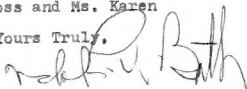


Dear Reader;

Here is an approach to the problem of how to deal, in more specific way, with the problem of the Gifted Spirit in our Technocracy. The following material is intended to show the groundwork for my ensemble of friends, as well as a happy anticipation of our work to come.

I am grateful to the following individuals for making this presentation possible: Mr. Ralph Hoeking, Ms. Helen M. Foley, Ms. Billie-Marie Gross and Ms. Karen Durkot.

Yours Truly,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Michael L.V. Butler". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Michael" and last name "Butler" being more legible than the middle initial "L.V.".

Michael L.V. Butler

INTRODUCTION

Since the Spring of 1963 my family and friends have been involved in various projects encompassing many different modes of self-expression, from film to poetry readings, all following in rapid order and each with a kind of ingenuity and excitement all their own. We began with a series of serialized plays I'd written around the age of sixteen called "The Hazards of Hortense", and formed a company to film these scripts, along with some shorter comedies.

Our group was entirely self-supporting and run, happily enough, along the lines of the silent film companies--such as those that made the Pearl White epics. Our heroine, Ms. Diane Henke, and our hero Mr. Charles Lesko Jr. were propelled through two movies, usually trying desperately to save Ms. Helen Foley (our prima donna) from being swindled out of a fortune, or kidnapped by spies.

In 1964, I launched, with the help of the Binghamton Central High School Drama Club and my aunt, the afore-mentioned prima donna, a vast undertaking called "Mole and Addison", which told of opium addicted society babes in the 1920's. For its time, the story was somewhat prophetic; a coterie of bright young things dissipating themselves at wild opium den fetes (one deb. dies on Buddha's altar) or disporting their pampered pink flesh in a bubble bath of soap suds and champagne. The entire school was mobilized for this undertaking and it took almost one year and a half to film. Young lads toppled off cliffs, airplanes carried frantic flappers off to China, hordes of henchman ran on location down our Main Street after a girl who feared a fate worse than death. The film was premiered at Roberson Memorial (it ran almost two hours) covered by the press, and praised by that same select set with which I was wont to run.

Someone had the grace and aplomb to note that it was the first full-length film ever to be made by a high school student. I had written, conceived, designed, directed and launched the entire undertaking.

At this time, I turned my attentions to a more concentrated kind of decorativism in films. I had studied the silent films of de Mille, and I thought of him as a kind of guru. In the summer of 1965, I set out from my art deco bedroom for a several weeks in Rochester, where I had been given permission to study the silent film at great length at the George Eastman House. It was there, upon arrival that I saw "Our Dancing Daughters" and was transported. I delved into "art deco," as it is now called, digging out old photos of sets, costumes, jewelry and furniture. At this time, however, I referred to it as the Jazz Style. When I returned to Binghamton, I gave an art deco party, the climax of which was the 1929 stock market crash, and started to write "Ratts Rattigan, Her Fall and Rise" (with apologies to Sue Lennox!). In this play, and for the first time in my work, what the characters do, say and think are all objects of decor, as are their surroundings.

It is hinted at in each thing, by itself and isolated, when, for example a painting of mine is seen beside a girl wearing a dress I designed, things come into sharp focus. Perhaps it is a nether-world Oz, or an alternative to what has become our reality,--but whatever it is,--it is most certainly a very big worm crawled from under a new fossil. Perhaps the making of new fossils is what it is all about.

In 1969 I put together my research since I was thirteen and wrote a large part of a tale relating the lives of a corrupt 19th century family, ending with a World War I nurse being stuffed into the bellows of an organ by her beau in a shrine for basket cases. It is called "The Goldfish" and tells in great flourishes of Lance Lavander (who began as a childhood character and grew into the afore-accused murderer) who is raised by a sniveling uncle (the publisher of Lavander's ladies book) and his mother's sister, who eventually passes him off as her gigilo. It is one of the films I hope someday to do.

That year I held a fashion show and launched two models (Katie Easton and Darlanne Fluegel) on their way to stardom. My constant muse and inspiration, Marie, set me to write "The Death of an Ingenue Lead" and along with about forty others, my volume grew.

The next year, two ideas popped into my head. One, concerning a young severely plain girl who opens an art colony and is left "artless", and the other, a young poetess who is murdered by Death and made into a poem by serving as a "t" crucified between huge letters. The first turned into "Harriet Hune" and the second, "Fallen Idols". A film was begun of "Fallen Idols" but I abandoned it due to lack of funds.

Susan McDuffie, who is Gwendolyn in "His Chocolate Baby", inspired me to make a perfume for her. It was called "This Years Kisses". Now, I am about to make one for Marie called "Heart Throbs" and one for the image of what I conceive the type of girl who wears my clothes to be called "Vapours of Vanity". In that summer, (1970) I gave another fashion show in Southampton which was really my first true boutique collection; fifty pieces, all chocked full of the newest ideas in fashion at that time.

It was then that my friends, my family and myself all worked toward a cohesive product; I would write or design, I would be inspired by someone,--who would model, write poetry or help out, in general. Within this group we had (and have) enormous talents who have somehow all come under one roof. Our common bond seems to be, as you shall see, the efforts shown in the videotape. It all,--this group, like the Bloomsbury set, or Mabel Dodge's circle, calls itself "the Glorious People", who are in actuality a collection of latter day saints (in the French sense, that is, the aesthete-saint)

From this play I designed my first couture collection.

An opportunity was offered to me that autumn to make films in Vermont at Mark Hopkins College, so off I went. There I wrote "Lloma Love" which was performed two years later by the Nicholson Idols of the Air Lanes.

Lloma, the heroine, is returning home to see her father marry the depraved Nattison Herod who keeps two laughing Hyenas as pets and runs a gallery for Degenerate Art. She finds herself in a terrible predicament: having never seen her father, due to a series of stints in too many European finishing schools, when meeting him, she falls deeply in love with him. Barton, her father, is almost the richest man in the world and wishes to build a temple to his genius.

But the ills and plagues of bureaucracy creep over him via Nattison's influence and a 200 story phallus is erected in place of his temple.- still worse it is built over the city's sewage line. In the end, Lloma's frustrations reach a fever point. Her father has died and and is mummified in the basement of the building, as in the roof garden his widow, Nattison celebrates with a black feast. Just as the city officials rush to close the building down, Lloma descends to her father's tomb where she hopes to open his crypt and consummate her incestuous desires. Then, a fault occurs up the shaft and the building collapses. As the sewage line oozes in on her, the building's floors are pitched and the sarcophagus opens. Lloma crawls in as the entire temple falls on top of her.

Hardly suited for a kiddie matinee, and somehow concocted by me while on nothing stronger than Coca Cola and hot fudge sundaes, Lloma anticipated the theatre of the ridiculous and its offsprings of violence in the sick seventies by a good four years.

Still hot on the trail of the decadence (but not the divine decadence we speak of now,-my own brand in 1966) I wrote a collection of short stories called "Women with Wings", and started a volume of poetry. Just previous to this, I had become fascinated by the pre-Raphaelites, and so I also executed paintings to fit the poems, or vice versa.

Then in 1967, I began to design two collections of couture clothes every year and went to Seventh Avenue to work. I wrote another script called "Lucy Cheynin" which served for a more elaborate work two years later. The clothes I was doing were by others standards avant-garde. However, I considered them perfectly suited for my ideal femme fatale. Each of my models from 1967-to-1969 typified the kind of life style I wished to define and bring to prominence. There was a great deal of the day devoted to tea-time, usually very high.

Now I must pause here to say that during this "phase" (was it?) certain things began to come to light about what I had been creating since I was a child. This is what my video-tape is to be all about.

Notoriously enough, it has ever been, in this, the Arts, that voice most remote which leaves behind the loudest echoes. We need only to look at everyone from dear Gertrude Stein to poor Sylvia Plath, of the magical obscurity of a Diane Arbus, to realize luxury or leisure...it is the first foothold of what Oneness means (and has always meant), the inescapable fascination of the transcendency of man as man, God as man, and God in man. This is why I call them saints. This is why art is grace, and why it must be made, for it is a saving grace, and I believe, the one saving grace, for now, for all peoples.

PROCEDURES AND PROJECTS OF OUR COMPANY

being an explanation and summation of undertakings and offices held within that framework which enables myself and my cohorts to make films...

It is oftentimes best to set ones loom for a loose weave so that the cloth woven will serve as a pliable and durable media from which one may cut any number of garments. I mean this as a kind of parable to site examples of how I have worked in the past and hope to continue working in the future.

Helen Foley, who is my aunt and Director of Speech and Drama at Binghamton Central High School, has starred in several films, inspired characters for others, acted as a constant muse, directed whole sequences of these films, and acted as organizer for so many projects, such as location shootings which would not have been possible without her help. In fact, she is a kind of mast-head and keeps appearing and re-appearing, happily enough, with unfailing energy, spark, and ambition.

Karen Durkot, who is presently the assistant director of "Our Lady of Saturday" (the video-tape upon which we are working at present) not only inspired the part of Margie Laskus in the planned production of my script, "Those Numbered Hearts", but in fact will play the part. In addition to this, Karen is interested in journalism and will help write and edit our magazine, which we are planning for the near future.

Kate Easton, a top fashion model in New York, has been my personal mannikin for years and continues to work for me. She appears in "Our Lady of Saturday Night" and the film "Fallen Idols" was to have starred her. She will continue to be a part of our acting ensemble.

George Hasbrouck has written several pilot screenplays and reads poetry in "Our Lady of Saturday Night". He also plays Mr. Earl in "Those Numbered Hearts".

There are numerous others who are facile in so many areas and serve so well in each. I myself, appear in the films (although I'd rather not!) and contribute to many different areas of the creative experience, so as to make our entire style and unity completely lucid.

The following is a list of scripts up for consideration. Financially, those with the lowest budgets come first.

"KOOCH"...a film about a traveling troupe of dancers set in mid-western Pennsylvania during the depression, and depicting the social and moral injustice of the oppressed poor.

"MAVIS GOES NUTS"...concerning a young debutante who wishes to blacken the image of her staid forebearers. This is a comedy set in Manhattan.

"THOSE NUMBERED HEARTS"...the story of victimized young women in the mid-Fifties. Presently this vehicle is being cast and designed because I personally feel that we have a remarkable offering with this script.

"HARRIET HUNE"...this was explained elsewhere.

"GOLDFISH"....this was explained elsewhere.

It is difficult to estimate our production costs, mainly because so many people continuously donate their time, effort, and material possessions (as well as their pocketbooks) to our endeavors. However, below is a fairly accurate breakdown of funds and how they are allotted. In addition to private donations, a production should be launched successfully in this manner.

COST OF FILM (six to eight hours of 16mm.) sound film.....	\$2,000.00	
TRANSPORTATION AND PROP RENTALS.....	500.00	
RENTAL OF AUDIO AND TECHNICAL EQUIPMENT.....	800.00	
SALARIES.....	<u>4,000.00</u>	(approximately)
TOTAL.....	\$7,300.00	

CONTRIBUTING MEMBERS-PAST AND PRESENT

Helen M. Foley 1963....
Doris M. Foley 1963....
Norma Foley Lawson 1963.....
Bridget Foley 1966....
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lesko Jr. 1963...
Ms. Esther Sweeny 1963...
James Chirumbolo 1964
Billie-Marie Gross 1964
Bruce Nelson 1964
David Goodwin 1964
Mozella Driver 1964
Beth Cokely 1964
Holly Hodgson 1964
James Impero 1964
Donald Gordon 1964
Jean Gordon 1964
Frank Gordon 1964
Jerri Lockwood 1964
Alan Shrock 1964
Lillian Nezelek 1964....
Tad Powers 1964
Myra Goldwyn 1964
Mary Jane Gaylo 1966-68
Avis Harriet Balcom 1963
Mary Packwood 1963
Darlanne Fluegel 1969...
Susan McDuffie 1969...
Cheri Crouse Apelbaum 1966....
Sandi Crouse 1966....
George Hasbrouck 1970....
Jane Vandament 1970...
Karen Durkot 1970...
Michele Gross 1969...
Kate Easton 1967...
Jude Capello 1971...
George Kachmarik 1970...
Vito Mastrogiovanni 1970...
Michael Halaburka 1970...
Andrew Shuman 1970...
Linda Gross 1969....
Mr. and Mrs. Hector Halaburka 1968...
Laurette Coon 1963...
Mrs. Laurence Coon 1963...
Anne Norburg 1963....
Helen Donahue 1963...
Philip Magnuson 1968...
Pamela Magnuson 1968...
Robert Quidone 1968...
Kim Michel 1972...
Paloma Picasso 1970...
Marchesa Maxime De La Falaise 1972....

W. Bradley Lemery 1972....
Tanya Werbitsky 1970...
Carole Hanscom 1973....
Kim Regni 1972...
Denise Bessa 1972...
Susan Best 1970-71
Mary Anne Pastorak 1970-72
Mary Jane Cahill 1970....
Sidney Fields 1972...
Seth Tane 1970
Elaine Durkot 1971...
Denis Sterzin 1972...
Frank Albetta 1970-71
Rosalyn Weintraub 1973...
Runora Hine 1973...
Heather Westcott 1973....
Deborah Smith 1973...
Maria Spanos 1973...
Linda Chupp 1973...
Anne Olsen 1973....
Sue Goldenberg 1973...
Paul Tellstrom 1973...
Jack Laskowski 1973...
Anne Capotosto 1973...
Chris Brigham 1973...
Jeff Bernstein 1973...
Debbie Capalupo 1973...
Melissa Hocking 1973...
Nan Hocking 1973...
Natalie Murphy 1973...
Betsy Cohen 1973...
Clint Rosenbaum 1973...
Karen Baldi 1973...
Suzanne Fields 1973...

EPILOGUE

At this very moment we are at work on a two-hour video-tape involving at least sixty young talents to be entitled "Our Lady of Saturday Night". Within approximately three months this will be ready for showing. It is progressing wonderfully.

*